

the sandy bed of the sea, but He protected them. He stood between them and their enemies. He did not carry them to the promised land on flowery beds of ease; He made them walk every step of the way; but He protected them on the way. God put us here in the world that we might grow up hardy plants—fruit-bearing trees that are the better for the cold and heat and the March winds that whistle through their branches—not delicate hothouse plants that must be forever waited on, and for all one's waiting bring forth nothing but flowers. We must get rid of the morbid, invalid ideas of Providence which lurk in our minds. Some of us think that if God loves us it would hurt Him to see one of our fingers bleed. We are always going to Him like babies crying to Him about our sleepless nights and our mosquito bites that have come to us by our own improvidence. We are always praying for the comfort of our bodies, as if the body was the chief thing. God is infinite in compassion, and we may be sure He does not want to see any of His children suffer, but He is concerned about us rather than about our mere visible selves—our bodies which are the mere clothing of our inner selves. A father does not want to see his daughter's fine new dress torn, but if it should catch fire he would not hesitate to tear it to shreds to save his daughter's life. So God does not want to see our bodies hurt, but He is willing that they should suffer anything and everything